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A Great Book Lover,

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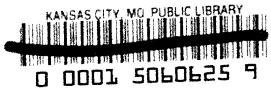

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Modern love : an
anthology.
1906.

MODERN LOVE

AN ANTHOLOGY

MODERN LOVE

AN ANTHOLOGY

All thoughts, all passions, all delights,
Whatever stirs this mortal frame,
All are but ministers of Love,
And feed his sacred flame.

NEW YORK
MITCHELL KENNERLEY
MDCCCCVI

With a few obvious exceptions "Modern Love" is a collection of poems by living authors, chosen from fifty different volumes, many of which are, unfortunately, little known in this country. It is believed that this is the first anthology of love poems to be published which has avoided the insincere elaboration and hyperbole of the style of the love poems of early literature. In its place we find the spirit of sadness and melancholy; but it is a more real sadness than the extravagant lover's complaints of days gone by and the result is certainly fine poetry. No selection from the "Modern Love" of Mr. George Meredith has been included in this volume in the hope that readers are in possession of the Mosher edition of this great sonnet sequence, and no poems by Mr. Swinburne have been printed here as it is intended to issue a volume of selections from his works, uniform with this volume.

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Thank God I do not love thee, sweet,
For if I did my heart would break,
While now it does not even ache
At this my kneeling at thy feet.

I look into your eyes and smile,
I kiss your lips, my heart is glad,
My brain is calm, while it were mad
If I did love you, dear, the while.

MODERN LOVE

If Love Should Fail

I COULD not through the burning day
In hope prevail,
Beside my task I could not stay,
If love should fail.

Nor underneath the evening sky,
When labours cease,
Fold both my tired hands and lie
At last in peace.

Ah, what to me in death or life
Could then avail!
I dare not ask for rest or strife
If love should fail.

DOLLIE RADFORD

Fears

HEART of my heart, my life and light,
If you were lost what should I do?
I dare not let you from my sight,
Lest death should fall in love with you!

Such countless terrors lie in wait;
The gods know well how dear you are;
What if they left me desolate,
And plucked and set you for their star?

So hold my hands, the Gods are strong,
And perfect joy so rare a flower,
No man may hope to keep it long—
And I might lose you any hour.

So hold me close, my star, my flower;
So shall the future spare me this:
The thought that there was ever an hour
We might have kissed and did not kiss.

UNKNOWN

Epitaphium Citharistriæ

STAND not uttering sedately
Trite oblivious praise above her!
Rather say you saw her lately
Lightly kissing her last lover.

Whisper not, 'There is a reason
Why we bring her no white blossom:
Since the snowy bloom's in season
Strow it on her sleeping bosom:

Oh, for it would be a pity
To o'erpraise her or to flout her:
She was wild, and sweet, and witty—
Let's not say dull things about her.

VICTOR PLARR

A Tragedy

SHE was only a woman, famish'd for loving,
  Mad with devotion, and such slight things;
And he was a very great musician,
  And used to finger his fiddle-strings.

Her heart's sweet gamut is cracking and breaking
  For a look, for a touch,—for such slight things;
But he's such a very great musician,
  Grimacing and fing'ring his fiddle-strings.

THEO. MARZIALS

I Will Not Let Thee Go

I WILL not let thee go.
Ends all our month-long love in this?
Can it be summed up so,
Quit in a single kiss?
I will not let thee go.

I will not let thee go.
If thy words' breath could scare thy deeds,
As the soft south can blow
And toss the feathered seeds,
Then might I let thee go.

I will not let thee go.
Had not the great sun seen, I might;
Or were he reckoned slow
To bring the false to light,
Then might I let thee go.

I will not let thee go.
The stars that crowd the summer skies
Have watched us so below
With all their million eyes,
I dare not let thee go.

I will not let thee go.
Have we not chid the changeful moon,
Now rising late, and now
Because she set too soon,
And shall I let thee go?

I Will Not Let Thee Go

I will not let thee go.
Have not the young flowers been content,
Plucked ere their buds could blow,
To seal our sacrament?
I cannot let thee go.

I will not let thee go.
I hold thee by too many bands:
Thou sayest farewell, and lo!
I have thee by the hands,
And will not let thee go.

ROBERT BRIDGES

Down by the Salley Gardens

DOWN by the salley gardens my love and I did meet;
She passed the salley gardens with little snow-white feet.
She bid me take love easy, as the leaves grow on the tree;
But I, being young and foolish, with her would not agree.

In a field by the river my love and I did stand,
And on my leaning shoulder she laid her snow-white hand.
She bid me take life easy, as the grass grows on the weirs;
But I was young and foolish, and now am full of tears.

W. B. YEATS

Modern Beauty

I AM the torch, she saith, and what to me
If the moth die of me? I am the flame
Of Beauty, and I burn that all may see
Beauty, and I have neither joy nor shame,
But live with that clear light of perfect fire
Which is to men the death of their desire.

I am Yseult and Helen, I have seen
Troy burn, and the most loving knight lie dead.
The world has been my mirror, time has been
My breath upon the glass; and men have said,
Age after age, in rapture and despair,
Love's poor few words, before my image there.

I live, and am immortal; in my eyes
The sorrow of the world, and on my lips
The joy of life, mingle to make me wise;
Yet now the day is darkened with eclipse:
Who is there still lives for beauty? Still am I
The torch, but where's the moth that still dares die?

ARTHUR SYMONS

Too Late

EACH on his own strict line we move,
And some find death ere they find love;
So far apart their lives are thrown
From the twin soul which halves their own.

And sometimes, by still harder fate,
The lovers meet, but meet too late.
—Thy heart is mine!—*True, true! ah, true!*
—Then, love, thy hand!—*Ah, no! adieu!*

MATTHEW ARNOLD

To Juliet

FAREWELL, then. It is finished. I forego
With this all right in you, even that of tears.
If I have spoken hardly, it will show
How much I loved you. With you disappears
A glory, a romance of early years.
What you may be henceforth I will not know.
The phantom of your presence on my fears
Is impotent at length for weal or woe.
Your past, your present, all alike must fade
In a new land of dreams where love is not.
Then kiss me and farewell. The choice is made,
And we shall live to see the past forgot,
If not forgiven. See, I came to curse,
Yet stay to bless. I know not which is worse.

WILFRED SCAWEN BLUNT

Plymouth Harbour

OH, what know they of harbours
Who toss not on the sea!
They tell of fairer havens
But none so fair there be

As Plymouth town outstretching
Her quiet arms to me;
Her breast's broad welcome spreading
From Mewstone to Penlee.

Ah, with this home-thought, darling,
Come crowding thoughts of thee.
Oh, what know they of harbours
Who toss not on the sea!

ERNEST RADFORD

I Shall Not Weep

NOW all is o'er and love has gone his way,
I shall not weep, albeit on my breast
His brief-lived rose stripped of her rich array,
Doth droop with shame to be so dispossessed.

When other eyes have won his lips from mine,
To chant for them their thrilling madrigal,
My voice no less shall praise the song divine,
Ere on the wind its lingering echoes fall.

When these dear hands loose from my clinging grasp;
When these bright feet their rose-leaf fetters break;
Like parting mists my fingers shall unclasp,
And not a pulse with anguished passion ache.

I shall not weep, I say, or if I do
At least the tears shall make my face more fair;
Shall deepen in mine eyes their tender blue,
Some other heart—what would ye?—to ensnare.

UNKNOWN

"Beauty's a Flower"

Youth's for an hour,
Beauty's a flower,
But love is the jewel that wins the world.

YOUTH'S for an hour, an' the taste o' life is sweet,
Ailes was a girl that stepped on two bare feet;
In all my days I never seen the one as fair as she,
I'd have lost my life for Ailes, an' she never cared for me.

Beauty's a flower, an' the days o' life are long,
There' little knowin' who may live to sing another song;
For Ailes was the fairest, but another is my wife,
An' Mary—God be good to her!—is all I love in life

Youth's for an hour,
Beauty's a flower,
But love is the jewel that wins the world.

MOIRA O'NEILL

After Love

O TO part now, and, parting now,
Never to meet again;
To have done forever, I and thou,
With joy, and so with pain.

It is too hard, too hard to meet
If we must love no more;
Those other meetings were too sweet
That went before.

And I would have, now all is over,
An end to all, an end:
I cannot, having been your lover,
Stoop to become your friend!

ARTHUR SYMONS

The Better Man

THIS time of year a twelvemonth past,
When Fred and I would meet,
We needs must jangle, till at last
We fought and I was beat.

So then the summer fields about,
Till rainy days began,
Rose Harland on her Sundays out
Walked with the better man.

The better man she walks with still,
Though now 'tis not with Fred:
A lad that lives and has his will
Is worth a dozen dead.

A. E. HOUSMAN

Lyric

MOAN, wretched wind; drive the sad clouds
Along the blindfold plain;
Ye leaves, whirl on your lonely crowds;
Weep on, remorseless rain!

O for one smile of buried Spring,
O for one note of May;
O for one sunny hour to fling
My aching heart away!

ALFRED HAYES

Non Sum Qualis Eram Bonae Sub Regno Cynarae

LAST night, ah, yesternight, betwixt her lips and mine
There fell thy shadow, Cynara! thy breath was shed
Upon my soul between the kisses and the wine;
And I was desolate and sick of an old passion,
Yea, I was desolate and bowed my head:
I have been faithful to thee, Cynara! in my fashion.

All night upon mine heart I felt her warm heart beat,
Night-long within mine arms in love and sleep she lay;
Surely the kisses of her bought red mouth were sweet;
But I was desolate and sick of an old passion,
When I awoke and found the dawn was gray;
I have been faithful to thee, Cynara! in my fashion.

I have forgot much, Cyrana! gone with the wind,
Flung roses, roses riotously with the throng,
Dancing, to put thy pale, lost lilies out of mind;
But I was desolate and sick of an old passion,
Yea, all the time, because the dance was long:
I have been faithful to thee, Cynara! in my fashion.

I cried for madder music and for stronger wine,
But when the feast is finished and the lamps expire,
Then falls thy shadow, Cynara! the night is thine;
And I am desolate and sick of an old passion,
Yea, hungry for the lips of my desire:
I have been faithful to thee, Cynara! in my fashion.

ERNEST DOWSON

Separation

STOP!—not to me, at this bitter departing,
Speak of the sure consolations of time!
Fresh be the wound, still-renew'd be its smarting,
So but thy image endure in its prime.

But, if the steadfast commandment of Nature
Wills that remembrance should always decay—
If the loved form and the deep-cherish'd feature
Must, when unseen, from the soul fade away—

Me let no half-effaced memories cumber!
Fled, fled at once be all vestige of thee!
Deep be the darkness and still be the slumber—
Dead be the past and its phantoms to me!

Then, when we meet, and thy look strays towards me,
Scanning my face and the changes wrought there:
Who, let me say, *is this stranger regards me*,
With the gray eyes, and the lovely brown hair?

MATTHEW ARNOLD

Requiescat

TREAD lightly, she is near,
Under the snow,
Speak gently, she can hear
The daisies grow.

All her bright golden hair
Tarnished with rust,
She that was young and fair
Fallen to dust.

Lily-like, white as snow,
She hardly knew
She was a woman, so
Sweetly she grew.

Coffin-board, heavy stone,
Lie on her breast,
I vex my heart alone,
She is at rest.

Peace, peace, she cannot hear
Lyre or sonnet,
All my life's buried here,
Heap earth upon it.

OSCAR WILDE

Night
(After all)

WHEN the time comes for me to die,
To-morrow, or some other day,
If God should bid me make reply,
'What would'st thou?' I shall say,

O God, Thy world was great and fair;
Yet give me to forget it clean!
Vex me no more with things that were,
And things that might have been.

I loved, I toiled, throve ill or well,
—Lived certain years and murmured not.
Now grant me in that land to dwell
Where all things are forgot.

For others, Lord, Thy purging fires,
The loves reknit, the crown, the palm.
For me, the death of all desires
In deep, eternal calm.

T. W. ROLLESTON

A Dream

WHY will you haunt my sleep?
You know it may not be,
The grave is wide and deep,
That sunders you and me;
In bitter dreams we reap
The sorrow we have sown,
And I would I were asleep,
Forgotten and alone!

We knew and did not know,
We saw and did not see,
The nets that long ago
Fate wove for you and me;
The cruel nets that keep
The birds that sob and moan
And I would we were asleep,
Forgotten and alone!

ANDREW LANG

True Love

PURE silence brims at either throbbing ear,
Midnight full flood sweeps heaven's harbour bars,
And the lone sky-wastes distant and austere,
Are flecked with foam of stars.

Dear, do you love this stillness? Is it well
That we should hear the pulse beats heart to heart;
Or have we been too near the fire of Hell
To feel the soothing of life's simpler part?

Once, you remember, we were very young;
A month ago, perhaps, and then love came.
Was he a sophist with a lying tongue
Or was the fire he brought true altar flame?

You do not answer save by one close kiss.
I do not doubt you, nay I cannot doubt,
For we have played our soul's one stake for this
And such a whim would put life's reckoning out.

Sweet, you are tired; then sleep and I will wait
To see what daybreak brings. Now I am old,
I like this dallying with the threads of fate.
I think the dawning will be very cold.

UNKNOWN

Ephemera

'YOUR eyes that once were never weary of mine
'Are bowed in sorrow under pendulous lids,
'Because our love is waning.'
And then she:
'Although our love is waning, let us stand
'By the lone border of the lake once more,
'Together in that hour of gentleness
'When the poor tired child, Passion, falls asleep:
'How far away the stars seem, and how far
'Is our first kiss, and ah, how old my heart!'

Pensive they paced along the faded leaves,
While slowly he whose hand held hers replied:
'Passion has often worn our wandering hearts.'

The woods were round them, and the yellow leaves
Fell like faint meteors in the gloom, and once
A rabbit old and lame limped down the path;
Autumn was over him; and now they stood
On the lone border of the lake once more:
Turning, he saw that she had thrust dead leaves
Gathered in silence, dewy as her eyes,
In bosom and hair.
'Ah, do not mourn,' he said,
'That we are tired, for other loves await us:
'Hate on and love through unrepining hours;
'Before us lies eternity; our souls
'Are love, and a continual farewell.'

W. B. YEATS

A Song of Farewell

FADE, vision bright!
What clinging hands can stay thee?
Die, dream of light!
What clasping hands can pray thee?
Farewell, delight!
I have no more to say thee.

The gold was gold,
The little while it lasted;
The dream was true,
Although its joy be blasted;
That hour was mine,
Although so swift it hasted.

UNKNOWN

Souvenir

HOW you haunt me with your eyes!
Still that questioning persistence,
Sad and sweet, across the distance
Of the days of love and laughter,
Those old days of love and lies.

Not reproaching, not reproving,
Only, always, questioning,
Those divinest eyes can bring
Memories of certain summers,
Nights of dreaming, days of loving.

When I loved you, when your kiss,
Shyer than a bird to capture,
Lit a sudden heaven of rapture;
When we neither dreamt that either
Could grow old in heart like this.

Do you still, in love's December,
Still remember, still regret
That sweet unavailing debt?
Ah, you haunt me, to remind me
You remember, I forget!

ARTHUR SYMONS

Edith and Harold

I KNOW it will not ease the smart ;
I know it will increase the pain ;
'Tis torture to a wounded heart ;
Yet, oh ! to see him once again,

Tho' other lips be pressed to his,
And other arms around him twine,
And tho' another reign in bliss
In that true heart that once was mine ;

Yet, oh ! I cry it in my grief,
I cry it blindly in my pain,
I know it will not bring relief,
Yet oh ! to see him once again.

ARTHUR GREY BUTLER

Amaturus

SOMEWHERE beneath the sun,
These quivering heart-strings prove it,
Somewhere there must be one
Made for this soul, to move it;
Some one that hides her sweetness
From neighbours whom she slights,
Nor can attain completeness,
Nor give her heart to rights;
Some one whom I could court
With no great change of manner,
Still holding reason's fort,
Though waving fancy's banner;
A lady, not so queenly
As to disdain my hand,
Yet born to smile serenely
Like those that rule the land;
Noble, but not too proud;
With soft hair simply folded,
And bright face crescent-browed,
And throat by Muses moulded;
And eyelids lightly falling
On little glistening seas,
Deep-calm, when gales are brawling,
Though stirred by every breeze;
Swift voice, like flight of dove
Through minster-arches floating,
With sudden turns, when love
Gets overnear to doting;

Amaturus

Keen lips, that shape soft sayings
  Like crystals of the snow,
With pretty half-betrayings
  Of things one may not know;
Fair hand, whose touches thrill,
  Like golden rod of wonder,
Which Hermes wields at will
  Spirit and flesh to sunder;
Light foot, to press the stirrup
  In fearlessness and glee,
Or dance, till finches chirrup,
  And sink into the sea.
Forth, Love, be not afraid,
  But plead as thou art bidden;
And say, that he who taught thee
  His yearning want and pain,
Too dearly, dearly bought thee
  To part with thee in vain.

WILLIAM CORY

In the Mile End Road

HOW like her! But 'tis she herself,
Comes up the crowded street,
How little did I think, the morn,
My only love to meet!

Whose else that motion and that mien?
Whose else that airy tread?
For one strange moment I forgot
My only love was dead.

AMY LEVY

Requiem

HUSH your prayers, 'tis no saintly soul
Comes fainting back from the foughten field;
Carry me forth on my broken shield;
Trumpet and drum shall my requiem yield—
Silence the bells that toll.

Dig no hole in the ground for me:
Though my body be made of mould and must,
Ne'er in the earth shall my dead bones rust;
Give my corse to the flame's white lust,
And sink my ashes at sea.

Reeking still with the sweat of the strife,
Never a prayer have I to say
(My lips long since have forgotten the way)
Save this: "I have sorrowed sore in my day—
But I thank Thee, God, for my life!"

F. NORREYS CONNELL

Song

I MADE another garden, yea,
For my new love;
I left the dead rose where it lay,
And set the new above.
Why did the summer not begin?
Why did my heart not haste?
My old love came and walked therein,
And laid the garden waste.

She entered with her weary smile.
Just as of old;
She looked around a little while,
And shivered at the cold.
Her passing touch was death to all,
Her passing look a blight;
She made the white rose-petals fall,
And turned the red rose white.

Her pale robe, clinging to the grass,
Seemed like a snake
That bit the grass and ground, alas!
And a sad trail did make.
She went up slowly to the gate;
And there, just as of yore,
She turned back at the last to wait,
And say farewell once more.

ARTHUR O'SHAUGHNESSY

Crosses and Troubles

CROSSES and troubles a-many have proved me.
One or two women (God bless them!) have loved me.
I have worked and dreamed, and I've talked at will,
Of art and drink I have had my fill.
I've comforted here, and I've succoured there;
I've faced my foes, and I've backed my friends.
I've blundered, and sometimes made amends.
I have prayed for light, and I've known despair.
Now I look before, as I look behind,
Come storm, come shine, whatever befall,
With a grateful heart and a constant mind,
For the end, I know, is the best of all.

WILLIAM ERNEST HENLEY

A Marriage Charm

I SET a charm upon your hurrying breath,
I set a charm upon your wandering feet,
You shall not leave me—not for life, nor death,
Not even though you cease to love me, Sweet.

A woman's love nine Angels cannot bind,
Nor any rune that wind or water knows,
My heart were all as well set on the wind,
Or bound, to live or die, upon a rose.

I set a charm upon you, foot and hand,
That you and Knowledge, love, may never meet,
That you may never chance to understand
How strong you are, how weak your lover, Sweet.

I set my charm upon your kindly arm,
I set it as a seal upon your breast;
That you may never hear another's charm,
Nor guess another's gift outruns my best.

I bid your wandering footsteps me to follow,
Your thoughts to travel after in my track,
I am the sky that waits you, dear grey swallow,
No wind of mine shall ever blow you back.

I am your dream, Sweet; so no more of dreaming,
Your lips to mine must end this chanted charm,
Your heart to mine, 'neath nut-brown tresses streaming,
I set my love a seal upon your arm.

NORA HOPPER

Sonnet

IF there be any one can take my place
And make you happy whom I gieve to grieve,
Think not that I can grudge it, but believe
I do commend you to that nobler grace,
That readier wit than mine, that sweeter face;
Yea, since your riches make me rich, conceive
I too am crowned, while bridal crowns I weave,
And thread the bridal dance with jocund pace.
For if I did not love you, it might be
That I should grudge you some one dear delight;
But since the heart is yours that was my own,
Your pleasure is my pleasure, right by right,
Your honourable freedom makes me free,
And you companioned I am not alone.

CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI

Butterflies

AT sixteen years she knew no care;
How could she, sweet and pure as light?
And there pursued her everywhere
Butterflies all white.

A lover looked. She dropped her eyes
That glowed like pansies wet with dew;
And lo, there came from out the skies
Butterflies all blue.

Before she guessed her heart was gone;
The tale of love was swiftly told;
And all about her wheeled and shone
Butterflies all gold.

Then he forsook her one sad morn;
She wept and sobbed, "Oh, love, come back."
There only came to her forlorn
Butterflies all black.

JOHN DAVIDSON

To One Who Loved Him

I CANNOT love you, love, as you love me,
In singleness of soul, and faith untried:
I have no faith in any destiny,
In any heaven, even at your side.
Our hearts are all too weak, the world too wide,
You but a woman. If I dared to give
Some thought, some tenderness, a little pride,
A little love, 'tis yours, love, to receive.
And do not grieve, though now the gift appear
A drop to your love's ocean. Time shall see.
—Oh, I could prophesy:—That day is sure,
Though not perhaps this week, nor month, nor year,
When your great love shall clean forgotten be,
And my poor tenderness shall yet endure.
'Tis not the trees that make the tallest show,
Which stand out stoutest when the tempests blow.

WILFRED SCAWEN BLUNT

Forgiveness

AT dusk the window panes grew gray;
The wet world vanished in the gloom;
The dim and silver end of day
Scarce glimmed through the little room.

And all my sins were told; I said
Such things to her who knew not sin—
The sharp ache throbbing in my head,
The fever running high within.

I touched with pain her purity;
Sin's darkest sense I could not bring:
My soul was black as night to me:
To her I was a wounded thing.

I needed love no words could say;
She drew me softly nigh her chair,
My head upon her knees to lay,
With cool hands that caressed my hair.

She sat with hands as if to bless,
And looked with grave, ethereal eyes;
Ensolued by ancient Quietness,
A gentle priestess of the Wise.

GEORGE W. RUSSELL

A Conquest

I FOUND him openly wearing her token;
I knew that her troth could never be broken;
I laid my hand on the hilt of my sword,
He did the same, and he spoke no word;
He faced me with his villainy;
He laughed, and said, "She gave it me."
We searched for seconds, they soon were found;
They measured our swords; they measured the ground
They held to the deadly work too fast;
They thought to gain our place at last.
We fought in the sheen of a wintry wood,
The fair white snow was red with his blood;
But his was the victory, for, as he died,
He swore by the rood that he had not lied.

WALTER HERRIES POLLOCK

Lyric

Ah, dans ces mornes séjours
Les jamais sont les toujours
PAUL VERLAINE

YOU would have understood me, had you waited;
I could have loved you, dear! as well as he:
Had we not been impatient, dear! and fated
Always to disagree.

What is the use of speech? Silence were fitter:
Lest we should still be wishing things unsaid.
Though all the words we ever spake were bitter,
Shall I reproach you dead?

Nay, let this earth, your portion, likewise cover
All the old anger, setting us apart:
Always, in all, in truth was I your lover;
Always, I held your heart.

I have met other women who were tender,
As you were cold, dear! with a grace as rare.
Think you, I turned to them, or made surrender,
I who had found you fair?

Had we been patient, dear! ah, had you waited,
I had fought death for you, better than he:
But from the very first, dear! we were fated
Always to disagree.

Lyric

Late, late, I come to you, now death discloses
Love that in life was not to be our part:
On your low lying mound between the roses,
Sadly I cast my heart.

I would not waken you: nay! this is fitter;
Death and the darkness give you unto me;
Here we who loved so, were so cold and bitter,
Hardly can disagree.

ERNEST DOWSON

Farewell

THOU goest; to what distant place
Wilt thou thy sunlight carry?
I stay with cold and clouded face:
How long am I to tarry?
Where'er thou goest, morn will be;
Thou leavest night and gloom to me.

The night and gloom I can but take;
I do not grudge thy splendour:
Bid souls of eager men awake;
Be kind and bright and tender.
Give day to other worlds; for me
It must suffice to dream of thee.

JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS

Dream Dew

WHITE bird of love, lie warm upon my breast,
White flower of love, lie cool against my face!
Teach me to dream again a little space
E'er this dream, too, sink earthward with the rest.

Teach me to dream my heart still pure as snow,
Teach me to dream my lips deserve this grace;
Then let me wake in some forgotten place,
And know you gone, but never see you go.

E. NESBIT

The Storm-Child

MY child came to me with the equinox,
The wild wind blew him to my swinging door,
With flakes of tawny foam from off the shore,
And shivering spindrift whirled across the rocks.
Flung down the sky, the wheeling swallow-flocks
Cried him a greeting and the lordly woods,
Waving lean arms of welcome one by one,
Cast down their russet cloaks and golden hoods,
And bid their dancing leaflets trip and run
Before the tender feet of this my son.

Therefore the sea's swift fire is in his veins,
And in his heart the glory of the sea;
Therefore the storm-wind shall his comrade be,
That strips the hills and sweeps the cowering plains.
October, shot with flashing rays and rains,
Inhabits all his pulses; he shall know
The stress and splendour of the roaring gales,
The creaking boughs shall croon him fairy tales,
And the sea's kisses set his blood aglow,
While in his ears the eternal bugles blow.

UNKNOWN

If I Had Known You

IF I had known you—oh, if I had known you—
In other days when youth and love were strong,
I would have raised a temple to enthrone you
On some fair pinnacle of cloudless song.

If you had touched me then with your dear laughter,
As now its echo smites me in my grief,
I would have given my soul to you, and after
Lived in my love, grown old in my belief.

If you had loved me,—oh, you would have loved me
Earth would have worshipped us, its seers sublime,
My song had been a psalm, and Saints had proved me
Prophet and priest, your poet for all time.

WILFRED SCAWEN BLUNT

A Shropshire Lad

WHEN I was one-and-twenty
I heard a wise man say,
" Give crowns and pounds and guineas
But not your heart away ;
Give pearls away and rubies
But keep your fancy free."
But I was one-and-twenty,
No use to talk to me.

When I was one-and-twenty
I heard him say again,
" The heart out of the bosom
Was never given in vain ;
'Tis paid with sighs a plenty
And sold for endless rue."
And I am two-and-twenty,
And oh, 'tis true, 'tis true.

A. E. HOUSMAN

Spleen

THE roses every one were red,
And all the ivy leaves were black.

Sweet, do not even stir your head,
Or all of my despairs come back.

The sky is too blue, too delicate:
Too soft the air, too green the sea.

I fear—how long had I to wait!—
That you will tear yourself from me.

The shining box-leaves weary me,
The varnished holly's glistening,

The stretch of infinite country;
So, saving you, does everything.

JOHN GRAY

Forsaken

TWILIGHT grey, and the grey day's gloom,
And cries of the street in the little room:
Nothing is left that was hers.
Tattered paper, dusty floor,
Broken panes, and the wind at the door—
I and the wind, poor wanderers!

Oh, God! I throw myself down!
The mouldering smell of the place is the odour of death!
And here—here swept her gown,
Here I felt her breath.

What is that in the moan of the wind?
Mournful wind, why should you cry like that?
Weep—I will weep with you till my eyes are blind,
But—ah! like that!
Why should you haunt me with the melody
Of all she played to me, pitiless wind?

Light of the fire—
Rosy light on the face that ever was white by day—
Light on her fingers that play
The song of my soul's desire;
Scent of her hair on the air,
Her face is turned from me;
And the gathering melody
Passionate—higher,
And my love grows greater than I can bear!

Forsaken

Why do I start and stare through the gloom?
There is nought but the wind, and death and I in the room.

Oh, why do you mock me wind? —
You know she never will come again.
I do not think you are weeping, wind—
I hear no tears on the window-pane;
Only rain in my heart and tears on my face
In this beloved, forsaken place.

UNKNOWN

Requiescat

BURY me deep when I am dead,
Far from the woods where sweet birds sing;
Lap me in sullen stone and lead,
Lest my poor dust should feel the Spring.

Never a flower be near me set,
Nor starry cup nor slender stem,
Anemone nor violet,
Lest my poor dust remember them.

And you—wherever you may fare—
Dearer than birds, or flowers, or dew—
Never, ah me, pass never there,
Lest my poor dust should dream of you.

ROSAMOND MARRIOTT WATSON

Song

SHE'S somewhere in the sunlight strong,
Her tears are in the falling rain,
She calls me in the wind's soft song,
And with the flowers she comes again.

Yon bird is but her messenger,
The moon is but her silver car;
Yea! sun and moon are sent by her,
And every wistful waiting star.

RICHARD LE GALLIENNE

A Dream

MY dead love came to me, and said:
'God gives me one hour's rest,
To spend with thee on earth again:
How shall we spend it best?'

'Why, as of old,' I said; and so
We quarrelled, as of old:
But, when I turned to make my peace,
That one short hour was told.

STEPHEN PHILLIPS

Che Sara Sara!

PREACH wisdom unto him who understands!
When there's such lovely longing in thine eyes,
And such a pulse in thy small clinging hands,
What is the good of being great or wise?

What is the good of beating up the dust
On the world's highway, vext with drouthy heat?
Oh, I grow fatalist—what must be must,
Seeing that thou, belovéd, art so sweet!

VICTOR PLARR

The Last Memory

WHEN I am old, and think of the old days,
And warm my hands before a little blaze,
Having forgotten love, hope, fear, desire,
I shall see, smiling out of the pale fire.
One face, mysterious and exquisite;
And I shall gaze, and ponder over it,
Wondering was it Leonardo wrought
That stealthy ardency, where passionate thought
Burns inward, a revealing flame, and glows
To the last ecstasy, which is repose?
Was it Bronzino, those Borghese eyes?
And, musing thus among my memories,
O unforgotten! you will come to seem,
As pictures do, remembered, some old dream.
And I shall think of you as something strange,
And beautiful, and full of helpless change,
Which I beheld and carried in my heart;
But you, I loved, will have become a part
Of the eternal mystery, and love
Like a dim pain; and I shall bend above
My little fire, and shiver, being cold,
When you are no more young, and I am old.

ARTHUR SYMONS

The Blackbird

THE nightingale has a lyre of gold,
The lark's is a clarion call,
And the blackbird plays but a boxwood flute,
But I love him best of all.

For his song is all of the joy of life,
And we in the mad spring weather,
We too have listened till he sang
Our hearts and lips together.

WILLIAM ERNEST HENLEY

On a Lost Opportunity

WE might, if you had willed, have conquered heaven.
Once only in our lives before the gate
Of Paradise we stood, one fortunate even,
And gazed in sudden rapture through the grate.
And, while you stood astonished, I, our fate
Venturing, pushed the latch and found it free.
There stood the tree of knowledge fair and great
Beside the tree of life. One instant we
Stood in that happy garden, guardianless.
My hands already turned towards the tree,
And in another moment we had known
The taste of joy and immortality
And been ourselves as gods. But in distress
You thrust me back with supplicating arms
And eyes of terror, till the impatient sun
Had time to set and till the heavenly host
Rushed forth on us with clarions and alarms
And cast us out for ever, blind and lost.

WILFRED SCAWEN BLUNT

A Tragedy

AMONG his books he sits all day
To think and read and write;
He does not smell the new mown hay,
The roses red and white.

I walk among them all alone,
His silly, stupid wife;
The world seems tastless, dead and done—
An empty thing is life.

At night his window casts a square
Of light upon the lawn;
I sometimes walk and watch it there
Until the chill of dawn.

I have no brain to understand
The books he loves to read;
I only have a heart and hand
He does not seem to need.

He calls me "Child"—lays on my hair
Thin fingers, cold and mild;
Oh! God of Love, who answers prayer,
I wish I were a child!

And no one sees and no one knows
(He least would know or see,)
That ere Love gathers next year's rose
Death will have gathered me.

E. NESBIT

Light

THE night has a thousand eyes,
And the day but one;
Yet the light of the bright world dies
With the dying sun.

The mind has a thousand eyes,
And the heart but one;
Yet the light of a whole life dies
When love is done.

F. W. BOURDILLON

The Rune of the Passion of Women

WE who love are those who suffer,
We who suffer most are those who most do love.
O the heartbreak come of longing love,
O the heartbreak come of love deferred,
O the heartbreak come of love grown listless.
Far upon the lonely hills I have heard the crying,
The lamentable crying of the ewes,
And dreamed I heard the sorrow of poor mothers
Made lambless too and weary with that sorrow:
And far upon the waves I have heard the crying,
The lamentable crying of the seamews,
And dreamed I heard the wailing of the women
Whose hearts are flamed with love above the grave-stone,
Whose hearts beat fast but hear no fellow-beating.
Bitter, alas, the sorrow of lonely women,
When no man by the ingle sits, and in the cradle
No little flower-like faces flush with slumber:
Bitter the loss of these, the lonely silence,
The void bed, the heartside void,
But bitterer, oh more bitter still, the longing
Of women who have known no love at all, who never,
Never, never, have grown hot and cold with rapture
'Neath the lips or 'neath the clasp of longing,
Who have never opened eyes of heaven to man's devotion,
Who have never heard a husband whisper "wife,"
Who have lost their youth, their dreams, their fairness,
In a vain upgrowing to a light that comes not.
Bitter these: but bitterer than either,
O most bitter for the heart of woman

The Rune of the Passion of Women

To have loved and been beloved with passion,
To have known the height and depth, the vision
Of triple-flaming love—and in the heart-self
Sung a song of deathless love, immortal,
Sunrise-haired, and starry-eyed, and wondrous:
To have felt the brain sustain the mighty
Weight and reach of thought unspanned and spanless,
To have felt the soul grow large and noble,
To have felt the spirit dauntless, eager, swift in hope and daring,
To have felt the body grow in fairness,
All the glory and the beauty of the body
Thrill with joy of living, feel the bosom
Rise and fall with sudden tides of passion,
Feel the lift of soul to soul, and know the rapture
Of the rising triumph of the ultimate dream
Beyond the pale place of defeated dreams:
To live, to do, to act, to dream, to hope,
To be a perfect woman with the full
Sweet, wondrous, and consummate joy
Of womanhood fulfilled to all desire—
And then . . . oh then, to know the waning of the vision,
To go through days and nights of ceaseless longing,
Through nights and days of bitter sorrow:
To see the fairness of the body passing,
To see the beauty wither, the sweet colour
Fade, the coming of the wintry lines
Upon pale faces chilled with idle loving,
The slow subsidence of the tides of living.
To feel all this, and know the desolate sorrow

The Rune of the Passion of Women

Of the pale place of all defeated dreams,
And to cry out with aching lips, and vainly;
And to cry out with aching heart, and vainly;
And to cry out with aching brain, and vainly;
And to cry out with aching soul, and vainly;
To cry, cry, cry with passionate heartbreak, sobbing,
To the dim wondrous shape of Love Retreating—
To grope blindly for the warm hand, for the swift touch,
To seek blindly for the starry lamps of passion,
To crave blindly for the dear words of longing!
To go forth cold, and drear, and lonely, O so lonely,
With the heart-cry even as the crying,
The lamentable crying on the hills
When lambless ewes go desolately astray—
Yea, to go forth discrowned at last, who have worn
The flower-sweet lovely crown of rapturous love:
To know the eyes have lost their starry wonder;
To know the hair no more a fragrant dusk is
Wherein to whisper secrets of deep longing,
To know the breasts shall henceforth be no haven
For the dear weary head that loved to lie there—
To go, to know, and yet to live and suffer,
To be as use and wont demand, to fly no signal
That the soul founders in a sea of sorrow,
But to be "true," "a woman," "patient," "tender,"
"Divinely acquiescent," all-forbearing,
To laugh, and smile, to comfort, to sustain,
To do all this—oh this is bitterest,
O this the heaviest cross, O this the tree

The Rune of the Passion of Women

Whereon the woman hath her crucifixion.

But O ye women, what avail? Behold,
Men worship at the tree, whereon is writ
The legend of the broken hearts of women.
And this is the end: for young and old the end:
For fair and sweet, for those not sweet nor fair,
For loved, unloved, and those who once were loved,
For all the women of all this weary world
Of joy too brief and sorrow far too long,
This is the end: the cross, the bitter tree,
And worship of the phantom raised on high
Out of your love, your passion, your despair,
Hopes unfulfilled, and unavailing tears.

FIONA MACLEOD

Of this book one thousand copies have been printed on Van Gelder hand-made paper, and fifty numbered copies on Japan Vellum, and the type distributed, May, 1906. It will not be reprinted.

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